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**AN ORATION,**

*Delivered in the Presbyterian Church, in the City of Schenectady, (N. Y.) on Thursday, the 27th December, A. L. 5821, being the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, by GILES F. YATES, A. M.*

**RESPECTED AUDITORS,**

In this sacred place, and on this solemn festival, I appear with diffidence; and this diffidence is increased when I reflect that I appear as an advocate for an institution which has ever had to encounter hostile and inveterate prejudice, an institution, justly to portray the merits of which, would require the eloquence of a Cicero, and the pen of a ready writer. But whatever may be my defects, I trust you will cover them with the mantle of charity.

Although the aspersions brought against freemasonry, as it regards its tendency, design, and principles, are ungenerous and unfounded; yet it must be confessed that the craft have, in some instances, justly incurred censure for admitting\* into the penetralia of their temple, unworthy members, and permitting such to continue their unhallowed and unprofitable labours. But it should be remembered, that whenever a lodge is guilty of such conduct, it acts in direct† violation of its most solemn trust. We

\* I am credibly informed that this evil obtains to a greater extent in this country than on the Eastern continent. Some of the lodges there do not admit candidates, until after five or six months' probation; and not even then, unless a committee, appointed for the purpose, report favourably upon oath.

† See the Masonic Constitutions, &c.

do not deny that objections may be brought against the characters of some of the members of our institution, yet do these objections, as a matter of consequence, apply to the institution itself? Tell me, ought *all* the apostles to be stigmatised because a denying Peter and a traitorous Judas ranked among them? or yonder domestic circle, because one of its inmates has forsaken the path of rectitude? The ready answer, dictated by reason and candour, is *no*. And let the same candour and reason dictate an answer to the question, "ought the whole masonic brotherhood to be criminated, because some of them have deviated from the rules of the craft?" A *perfect* society here below, is as mere a chimera as perfect virtue or "*perpetual motion*;" and the society of freemasons claims no exemption from that imperfection and frailty which the great Architect of the Universe has stamped upon all things beneath the sun.

I confidently assert, and truth bears me out in the assertion, that the objections urged against our fraternity, where they do not arise from malice or blind prejudice, originate from ignorance of our principles. Should an illiterate man denounce learning as useless, you would not believe his assertions, let not then the assertions of those unlearned in the masonic art, receive your implicit credit. How preposterous, that it should be said there are no valuable facts, no hidden mysteries in the chamber of the masonic temple, by those who have never entered its door or wrought within its walls!

I shall not weary your patience by stating all these objections; a few of them, however, in the course of our remarks, shall be briefly noticed. It is sometimes sarcastically asked, "why are females excluded from the lodge?" The fair sex were peculiarly designed for the *domestic* duties of life, and when a female engages in those arduous labours which devolve on the other sex and are their peculiar province, she forsakes her proper sphere of action. In this respect *speculative* has adopted the rules of *operative* masonry. Nor are we singular in this respect; the regulations of many other societies as well as our own, do not accord with feminine habits and dispositions. But although universal custom prevents the fair part of creation from associating with us as masons, yet their dignity and welfare are inseparably

interwoven with our principles; and that brother who prizes not their worth, who withholds from them their just tribute of respect and affection, and refuses protection and relief when they most need it, violates his obligations and forfeits the name of Mason!

It has been urged, among other things, as a proof of the inutility of our institution, that some good men, after initiation, cease to cultivate the masonic art. I admit the fact, but deny the inference. The necessary avocations of some brethren prevent their regular attendance at our assemblies; but this is no evidence that their opinion of the art is unfavourable. Many a pious christian and clergyman, although proud to wear the insignia of our order, and to perform its duties, may in some instances not have manifested much zeal for the craft, lest they should incur the ill will of some of their friends who were prejudiced against it; or lest perhaps, some *weak\** brethren should take umbrage, and their consciences be wounded. Others, when upon initiation, they found nothing *supernatural* in masonry, and solemn realities instead of empty sound and shew, have with the depression of disappointment, felt a disrelish for the art, and hence neglected its cultivation. And while this neglect has arisen in some through want of inclination, it has arisen in others through want of industry and intellect.

If it can be deemed an argument in favour of any institution, that on the catalogue of its members are found eminent and virtuous men, the masonic institution has no superior. Shall I carry you back to the remote ages of antiquity, and rehearse the names of Solomon, Hiram of Tyre, Hiram Abiff, Adoniram, Zerubbabel, Joshua, and the long list of prophets, sages, and law-givers, who, although dead, yet live in the hearts and memory of every *Master, Royal Arch, and Ineffable Mason*. Or shall I descend to more modern times, and from the splendid galaxy of the distinguished patrons and disciples of the craft, select the names of St. Austin,<sup>†</sup> Alfred, Prince Edwin,<sup>‡</sup> James I. of Scotland and of

\* 1 Cor. ch. viii. v. 9, &c.

† St. Austin appeared at the head of the fraternity, A. D. 600.

‡ He was the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of York, to which King Athelstane granted a charter in 926.

England, Charles I., Francis Duke of Tuscany, Frederick the Great King of Prussia, Newton, Locke, Audley, Essex, Woolsey, Howard, Wren, Denham, Rivers, and Buckingham; and in our own country, to say nothing of living worthies and those in the humbler stations of life, a Washington, Franklin, Warren, Adams,\* Livingston, Webb, Morton, and Hamilton, who shine with lustre in the bright firmament of masonry, and reflect honour on the masonic name.

Under such auspices, our institution could not but prosper; and it has hitherto prospered, although thousands have joined with an Abbe Barueill and a Robinson in the vile work of detraction against it, and although oppressed and persecuted from the jealousy of power, by the threats of superstition, and the calumny of the ignorant. But all attempts to subvert the glorious fabric of masonry, have proved fruitless and vain. No matter whether they were the formidable opposition of hotbrained potentates,† the thundering anathemas of fanatic popes, or the imbecile efforts of ecclesiastical synods,‡ they have alike failed of their object; because the *pillars of wisdom and strength* support it—its foundation stone is *virtue*; its cement *charity*. Like a rock in the midst of the ocean, it rises above every storm, and bids proud defiance to the raging waves which dash against its base. Other fabrics, however fair and towering, have, sooner or later, been swept away by the torrent of destruction; but this has survived the horrid convulsions and revolutions of the moral and political world, and still remains a monument of wisdom and virtue, daily increasing in strength, beauty, and magnificence. The stability of our institution added to its antiquity, (of which we have infallible proof in the fact that its most invidious enemies cannot point to the time when free masonry did *not* exist) give it a fame—a pre-eminence—to which the history of other institutions affords no parallel.

\* Samuel Adams.

† In 1425, in the reign of Henry VI. of England, attempts were made to prevent the meeting of free masons; also in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the 18th century they were persecuted by the States General in Holland, and by France at the Council of Berne. Formidable bulls were issued against them by Pope Eugenius and by Pope Clement XII.

‡ The associate synod of Scotland, in 1745, and the Pittsburgh (Penn.) Synod.

Yet methinks I hear some fastidious critic enquire, what has freemasonry ever done, or what is it likely to do for the good of mankind? I answer much; more than is perhaps apprehended by some of our own brethren, certainly by those who have but just entered the portals of our temple. Volumes heaped upon volumes, like Ossa on Olympus, would scarce contain a full and adequate answer to the question. It cannot be expected then that I should on this occasion, give more than a faint outline. And even in doing this, such a variety of ideas rush upon my mind that I know not where to begin nor where to end. I would fain expatiate upon its tendency to ennoble the soul, to raise it to the survey of things heavenly and sublime, to inspire the mind with exalted ideas of the perfections of the *Ineffable Word*, the great *Adonai*, who said, "let there be light, and there was light; let the earth be, and it was;" who kindled, by the breath of his power, those myriads of orbs which illumine the stupendous arch of heaven. I would fain show you how free-masons preserved the Pentateuch or five books of Moses,\* from the destruction which the Chaldeans brought upon Jerusalem, when, with impious hand, they reduced it to ashes, and rifled the sacred furniture of its temple. But time will not permit.

The object of free masonry has ever been to promote the best interests of mankind. It has patronized the arts and sciences, particularly architecture, and its concomitant science geometry. In illustration of this part of my subject, it may be necessary to observe, that originally the craft consisted mostly of *operative* masons, and that although some of our essential arcana were known to many of the ancient patriarchs,† yet no regular lodges were constituted until the erection of King Solomon's Temple. According to holy writ, upwards of one hundred and eighty three thousand workmen were engaged in that glorious undertaking. These, after its completion, dispersing to different parts of the globe, widely disseminated the principles of the craft. †From

\* See this subject discussed by brother S. Town in his "Speculative Masonry."

† The ineffable degrees are here particularly referred to.

‡ 1 Kings, ch. v. & ix.; vide also, "Ancient History of Egypt," and Rollin, Book 2d.

the connection and intercourse between the Hebrews and the inhabitants of Tyre and Egypt,\* we can readily account for the introduction of those principles into the last named countries.—The sun of masonry which arose in the east, soon enlightened the west; and soon the north and south were blessed with the benign influence of its beams. We are informed, that several hundred years before the Christian era in Asia,† and in the fourteenth century in Europe‡ lodges of *operative* freemasons flourished, which were, as they have been emphatically termed, “seminaries of instruction in the sciences and the polite arts.”

Among the numerous durable structures and magnificent edifices erected under the auspices of masonry, I shall only point you to the stupendous pyramids of Egypt, the wall of China, the lofty temples of Damascus and Ephesus, the city of Alexandria, the Citadel of Athens, the tower of Pharos; and in late days, St. Peter's church at Rome, St. Sophia's at Constantinople, St. James' palace, the palace of Elysium at Paris, the palace of Loo in Holland, the palace and hall of Westminster, the London Bridge, and last, though not least, “the church of all denominations,” this year erecting in the state of Georgia.

And if masonry has been a *patron*, it has been a *preserver* of the arts. In those ages of the world, when the dismal cloud of barbarism, pregnant with ignorance and superstition, overshadowed the earth, then a knowledge of the most valuable arts, was with danger and difficulty preserved by our ancient brethren, which, having been transmitted to posterity, has contributed in no small degree to refine and civilize the world.

During that dark period too, masonry was the only institution which had for its object the alleviation of human misery. Since the advent of the Prince of Peace, (the anniversary of which was celebrated but a few days since) christianity and masonry, like twin-sisters, have gone hand in hand in the blessed work of char-

\* Lawrie in his history of freemasonry, has identified the Elusinian mysteries with those of freemasons.

† At Syria, Judea, Persia, and Teos. Vide Change's Travels in Asia Minor, Chiseul's Antiquitates Asiaticæ, Ionian Antiquities, and Robinson's proofs of a conspiracy.

‡ See Wren's Parentalia, Henry's History of Great Britain, and Robeson's proofs of a conspiracy, for information on this subject.

ity and love. Before that happy epoch, as an elegant writer has observed, alms houses and eleemosynary institutions were unknown. The humble supplications of distress, (except among masons,) were lost amid the proud pursuits of ambition, the wild and terrible clangor of arms, and the sweeping desolations and cruelties of persecution, anarchy and despotism.

"Twas thou, blest masonry that brought

The choicest gifts to man;

And thou it was the lesson taught

E'er since the world began,

That charity can soothe each pain,

Relieve mankind from woe,

That masonry had power to gain

A paradise below."

The ligaments of affection which bind the heart of one mason to another, like those of natural brethren, are more strong and endearing than the ordinary ties of humanity. And masons who are uninfluenced by religious motives, will often, in compliance with their obligations, assist a brother and his connections oppressed by the chilling hand of poverty. But this assistance, our rules require, should never be rendered to their own detriment.

Do you ask for examples of our charity? Go to yonder widow, bereaved by the unrelenting King of Terrors, of the dear partner of her bosom, her only support in life,—who revives her hopes and soothes the keen wound her afflictions have produced? 'Tis the genius of masonry! Go to yonder helpless orphans: who supplies their wants and snatches them from the vortex of destruction?—'tis the genius of masonry! Go to yonder mendicants of eastern hemisphere, craving from flinty-hearted wealth the bread of charity in vain: who cheers, comforts, and supports them? and the answer again will be the benign genius of masonry! Lo! who enters the dark and cheerless abode of yonder loathesome prison; wipes the scalding tear from the cheek of its inmate, a poor unfortunate debtor, prostrated by the hand of an unforgiving creditor?—who?—'tis the guardian masonry!—These, my friends, are not pictures drawn by fancy, but by the sober pencil of truth. I could point to living instances in proof of

my assertions—instances too, exclusive of those accounts of benevolence contained in the *records* of the lodges; accounts which we trust will be found duly posted to their credit in the Grand Ledger of Eternity.

We would not wish to be misunderstood on this subject; we do not claim to be the *only* dispensers of charity; but we do claim and enjoy privileges peculiar to ourselves. The charities of other institutions are for the most part, local and exclusive, confined to the inhabitants of particular districts and to particular sects. Not so, the charity of the consistent mason. The aspirations of his generous soul are not limited by the barriers of nature, politics, or religion. Hence the worthy mason in distress finds friends where others find enemies. Is he at a returnless distance from the land of his fathers, the mysterious, yet well known *token*, proves a passport to relief. By its magic power the barbarous pirate is converted into a friend; the merciless savage into a kind protector. Does he lavish in captivity, a brother's arm is nerved for his assistance, breaks the shackles of slavery from his hands, and restores him to his home, the embraces of a loving wife, and the sweet assiduities of his children! When the demon of war displays his blood-stained banner, and bids man plunge the spear into the heart of his fellow man, then the mason's extended arms avert the fatal blow; for his banner is the banner of love! he knows—he feels, that

"A sorrow softened, or a sigh repress'd,

"Surpasses all that armies ever won." PARNELL.

The blessings of rescued humanity shed a lustre round his path, more pure and effulgent than the halo which glimmers round the brow of the warrior.

We hold it no secret, that certain inviolable *signs*, *words*, and *tokens*, are preserved among us, constituting a sort of universal *language*, by which we recognize each other, making known our wants, and enter into social intercourse with brethren of every language and of every clime.

Our system regards all the human race as members of one great family: all distinctions of rank, lineage, colour, or nativity, are alike unknown. The man who wields the sceptre of em-

pire, and the humblest subject of his realm, meet upon the *level*, and part upon the *square*. Those jarring dissensions which characterise political and religious sects, are banished from the lodge. There discord, that cursed fiend, dare not rear his horrid head to disturb the harmonious labors of the craft

I know many are ready to reprobate the *Christian mason*, because he extends the hand of fellowship to the follower of *Mahomet*, and claims affinity to the persecuted and despised *Jew*. Christians! do you not—ought you not—to admit into your houses of worship, those with whom you disagree on points of faith? Why then censure us? Such censure is as inconsistent as it is illiberal; it is inconsistent with those principles of universal good will, which your religion inculcates and demands; and its benevolent founder enforced and exemplified. Mark the whole tenor of his life, a life of unremitting benevolence. His kind offices were extended alike to Gentiles and Jews, to publicans and sinners, as well as his disciples; to his enemies as well as his friends, and in perfect accordance with his own illustrious example, were all the doctrines taught, and all the parables uttered. Let one suffice. You remember the late of the Jewish traveller, wounded and stripped of his very raiment, by a ruthless band of plundering ruffians, and left helpless on a public highway. A priest whom chance directed that way, beholds the hapless sufferer; but no ray of pity melts his icy heart, or stops him in his course. A Levite next beholds him: he too, deaf to the voice of humanity, unheeding passes by. But although thus slighted by men of his own country and his own religion, a Samaritan no sooner hears his groans, than he hastens to him, administers the cordial cup of affection, pours into his bleeding wounds the mollifying oil, and supplies his every want. The conduct of which of these three did the Prince of Peace recommend, and which, think you, most merited the title of neighbour—or brother?

Although in christian countries masons acquiesce in the christian religion, yet as such, they have no exclusive religious code. Every brother is required to adhere to those essential principles which are common to all religions; and is left to his own judgment in regard to particular forms and tenets. The holy bible

is one of the *three great lights* in masonry; and all our principles, so far from militating against, perfectly harmonize with the maxims and truths contained in its inspired pages. No atheist or irreligious libertine dare contaminate, with his unhallowed tread, the *sanctum sanctorum* of our temple. Such can never gain admittance there without the most glaring perversion of our principles, and the grossest violation of vows, the most sacred and solemn.

Masonry teaches us to act upon the *square*; to guide our motives by the *plumb*, and to keep our hopes and desires within the *compasses* of rectitude and honour. In a word, it inculcates the whole circle of human virtues, and excludes every vice which sullies the character of man.

Our ceremonies and emblems are peculiarly calculated to promote *morality*. The implements of operative masons are explained in the lodge as typical of moral duties; and all our ceremonies and symbols imprint upon the mind wise and useful truths, and while they inspire awe and reverence, at the same time fascinate and please.

But freemasonry, while it enforces the strictest rules of morality, does not exclude that innocent mirth, those rational gaieties which give zest to social intercourse. How pleasant to retire for a season, from the noise and bustle of the world, to enjoy the sweets of undisturbed tranquillity! How pleasant to be called from labour to refreshment; to bid a short adieu to the troubles and cares of life, and spend a few hours in social converse and social joy! This pleasure, this delightful employment, is a peculiar province of freemasonry.

When the *free, elect, and accepted*, shall be summoned from earthly labour to refreshment in the *Grand Lodge* above, may we all possess the celestial *passwords* and be welcomed to that never-ending repast prepared for the *kings and priests* of the *Grand Master* of the Universe, in that "*temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*"

*Extracts from a Masonic Oration delivered at Providence R. I. on  
the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 25, 1821.*

BY BROTHER SAMUEL Y. ATWELL.

To us as Masons the return of this anniversary brings with it subjects of congratulation and joy. Our institution, like the monarch of the air, has risen triumphantly above the clouds of calumny and malice. Prosperity has followed in its path, charity and good-will to mankind have been its companions. The world at large, ignorant of those characteristicks which distinguish us as a fraternity, joins not in our feelings of gratitude and pride, and participates not in our pleasures. It will be my endeavor on this occasion to point out some of the reasons which should induce the citizens of this country to rejoice with us in the prosperity of Masonry, and to pay to it the tribute of esteem and respect. We claim for our order the titles of **ANCIENT** and **HONORABLE**; ancient because its existence is coeval with the memory of man; honorable because its objects are the improvement and happiness of our species. Among the many feelings and habits of the mind which compose our intellectual nature, reverence for antiquity is not the least important. Actions and events lose in some measure their interest in proportion as we approach them. To the mental as to the natural eye, distance increases the beauty of objects. The mellow softened tints of the perspective charm and retain the attention, while the glaring and more obvious colours of the *portrait* soon weary the sense and exhaust our admiration. Antiquity, like the concave lens, while it throws objects far from us, adds to their *beauty* and heightens their *interest*.

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History and tradition both prove the **ANTIQUITY** of Masonry. Her institutions have been preserved, and her ordinances continued unchanged through a long succession of time. Her deeds have been a bright series of **GOOD** and **GREAT** actions, and the world has ever seen her endeavoring to promote and advance the happiness of man. So far then as Antiquity tests the worth of any institution, and gives to it a right to the respect of mankind, Masonry is entitled to claim it of the world.

Our institution is entitled to the respectful consideration of the

citizens of this free Republic, because it inculcates and promotes attachment and obedience to the laws and government of our country.

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Masonry is the offspring of society, and its principles are eminently calculated to protect and preserve our political freedom. To be *good men* and *true* is the first lesson we are taught in Masonry; *true to ourselves, our country and our God*. Obedience to the laws and government of our country is a duty, to the performance of which we are bound by *stronger ties* than the fealty of the days of Chivalry. Masonry enjoins on us an Herculean labour, the destruction of the many-headed monster, *PASSION*. Like the Templars of old, we mentally inscribe on the entrance of our lodges "*Semper Leo feriatur*." The Compass, the great emblematical implement of our order, reminds us to apply its physical properties to our hearts, and "to keep our passions within *due bounds* with all mankind." As a community therefore, the principles of whose constitution are calculated to protect and promote the political happiness of the members of this republic, we claim the respect and attachment of our fellow citizens. Masonry fosters, cherishes, and invigorates the social affections. Society, while it increases our pleasures, adds to the number of our vices. The savage of the wilderness, free as the winds of his native forest, *disdains* to conceal his wishes or his will; frankness and sincerity are stamped on his thoughts, his feelings, and his actions. Selfish only when his animal enjoyments are concerned, his heart is open to the claims of friendship and the endearments of love. Civilization and society are sources of luxury and licentiousness, and selfishness becomes a more active principle as our enjoyments increase. In society, when men are debased by Luxury or intoxicated with Ambition, Friendship exists *only in name*; Achilles and Patroclus are but rarely to be found among the number of civilized men. Like the light reflected by the icy mountains of the polar sea, the social affections are warm and dazzling in *appearance*, but cold and comfortless in *reality*; selfishness absorbs all the warmer and more generous feelings of the heart, and man lives for *himself alone*. Masonry teaches us to regard the whole family of man

as one band of brothers. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, when admitted within the pale of our fraternity, all stand upon one common level. We admit of no other distinctions than those of Virtue and Worth. "It is the internal and not the external qualifications of a man that Masonry principally regards;" and we are taught to merge the prejudices of Pride and the antipathies of Envy in the noble and exalted passion of BROTHERLY LOVE. No considerations of interest, no excuses of *idleness*, or specious reasonings of *hypocritical selfishness*, are permitted to swerve us from the path of our duty. To relieve the distresses of a Brother, and to assist him in every laudable and virtuous undertaking, are the imperious requisitions of our profession; and whether we contribute to his temporal relief by acts of charity, or with the gentle hand of affection administer to the diseases or afflictions of the mind, we are acting in obedience to the commands of Masonry.

The principles and duties which Masonry inculcates and enjoins, are those of MORALITY and RELIGION. Before HIM, whose residence is unlimited space "who decketh himself with light as with a garment," and "who rideth on the wings of the wind," the GREAT SUPREME ARCHITECT of the UNIVERSE, we with reverence bow. To his behests we submit, and, his commands we endeavor to obey. The Bible, the first great light in Religion and in Masonry, is the source from whence we derive those rules of action which our order prescribes. In obedience to *his* commands, whose essence was Love, we endeavor to cherish the spirit and instil the principles of *Universal Benevolence*.—Faith, Hope and Charity are the brightest jewels which Masonry confers on her votaries. Faith opens to the mental eye "the source ineffable of Light and Love," Hope gladdens the dreary path of life with joyous anticipations of the future, but Charity takes the erring brother by the hand, and leads him to the mercy seat of his SAVIOUR and his GOD.

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Masonry teaches us to consider the good name of our brethren as a jewel beyond price; we are neither to tarnish its lustre ourselves nor tamely permit it to be done by others. It is our high privilege as well as *duty* to be the champions of injured worth,

and our conduct towards our brethren and all mankind should ever be regulated by the *square* of Truth and Virtue.

The spirit of Charity is cherished and inculcated by the institutions of our fraternity. Not the cold blooded charity of the world which changes the tears of affliction into those of indignant and insulted feeling, but that active and generous principle which glowed in the breast of HOWARD and governed the soul of PENN. *Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth* are the brightest stars in the galaxy of masonic virtues. View the mariner, far from his native land, surrounded by strangers, "unknowing and unknown." The pestilence has placed her burning fingers on his cheek; deprived of the endearments of domestic affection and those soothing kindnesses which smooth the pillow of *death*, he feels that desolation of the heart which sinks us to the level of "the beasts that perish." Removed from all he holds dear,

"Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly poison seizes ;

the dews of death are glistening on his forehead; the film of corruption is slowly covering his eyes. Whose bosom pillows his dying head? Whose hand administers those endearing attentions, which make the heart throb with the last glow of mortal feeling. It is a BROTHER'S. Opposite perhaps in manners, in opinions, in language and in faith, the Masons bears only the moans of affliction, sees only the dying man. Blessed spirit of Masonry, that can with *more* than the Alchymist's power, convert the dross of the heart into the pure and refined gold of *Universal Benevolence*.

These considerations, in the name and in the behalf of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, I offer to the world as the foundations of their claims to its respect and esteem.

Brethren, we are members of an institution which requires of us the performance of the most high and exalted duties; to our keeping is committed the reputation of an ancient and honorable fraternity; let us not disgrace our profession. Let it not be said of us as it was of the Stoics of old, that while we declaim about *virtue*, we are following the footsteps of *vice*. The bonds which connect us as an association are hidden from the world un-

der the veil of Secrecy. The *mysteries* and the *wonderful* may arouse the *curiosity* of mankind, but it is the *useful* and the *good* only that can obtain their esteem and applause. Let us therefore be ever mindful that the estimation of the world depends not on our *profession* but upon our *practice*. Let us foster and cherish the social affections, they are Masonry's *peculiar* favorites, and in imitation of our *holy patron*, whose nativity we this day celebrate, let us make the attainment of virtue the great object of our exertions; so that when death the *Grand Tyler of Eternity* shall open to us the entrance of "a new and untried state of being," we may be received in the Grand Lodge above, "that house not made with hands *eternal in the Heavens.*"

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#### VALUABLE HINTS.

The following is an extract from a communication in the Louisville [Geo.] Sentinel and is well worthy the attention of the craft:

"The Masonic Society has received more injury by the introduction of strangers to its principles, than from all the derision the world can throw upon it: from suffering men to enter its sacred walls, who were not fit materials for the edifice, and who could not have the working tools of the Craft adjusted to them: Weigh them in the *balance*, they are found wanting; *Tekel* must be written upon them.

"Do we put upon them the *twenty four inch gauge*, there is no division to be found—no part for God.

"Bring the *plumb line* to such an one, he neither stands upright before God or man.

"Lay upon him the *square* of virtue; put the *mallet* and *engraver's chissel* into the hand of the most skilful workman; there can be no appearance of the diamond found.

"Lay upon him the *Level*, and who will be willing to be placed upon an equality with one who, in his ordinary transactions, is a disgrace to himself.

"Bring him upon the *circle* of universal benevolence; present him with some of our precious *jewels*—he has no eyes to see them; he will cautiously avoid them.

"Point him to the rounds of *Jacob's ladder*; he cannot climb them, *heaven born charity*, is a stranger to his bosom.

"Attempt to make use of the *trowel*; there is no cement of brotherly-love and affection in him.

"Such materials are totally unfit for the Masonic edifice and ought to be thrown over among the rubbish. And now, brethren, by reason of the introduction of such strangers among the workmen, our ancient and honorable institution is brought into disrepute. Let our actions and our morality, therefore, be such as to silence the tongue of slander and blunt the dart of envy."

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#### ADDRESS TO A SENIOR WARDEN.

**WORSHIPFUL BROTHER SENIOR WARDEN,**

The ensign of your office, in the language of an ancient charge, "demonstrates that we are all descended from the same common stock; partakers of the same common nature; and sharers of the same blessed hope; and though distinctions among men are needed, to preserve subordination, yet no eminence, to which merit may be exalted, should ever make us forget, that we are one sacred band of brothers and fellows." united together by the silken cords of the indented tassel; and travelling the mosaic pavement, to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller hath returned.

And will a brother senior, permit a senior brother, to observe, that as next in dignity and rank, to the wisdom which presides in the east, it becomes the duty of the pillar of strength, to assist the Right Worshipful Master at all times, not only in those various ceremonies of a mystic nature, around which we draw an impenetrable veil; but also to stand, as the kind instructor and faithful monitor of his younger brethren, of the second degree, who are specially confided, to the senior warden's particular care; and therefore in the first instance like Adoniram of old, he should lighten the toils of Hiram, by hewing and squaring the stone; by felling and preparing the timber; and conveying both from the forest and the quarry, to Succoth, or Zarthan, where they are fitted for the master's use, either at the base, or on the summit of Moriah; and thus the whole building duly prepared without, groweth unto an holy temple, whose foundation is laid in silence, and whose top stone is brought forth with peace, for the sound of the hammer of political intolerance should never be heard within our walls; nor the stroke of the

axe of religious bigotry be indented on our gates; it being received as masonic truth, that the iron tools of superstition and party were both of them buried on the plains of Shinar; where they moulder amid the ruins of the unfinished tower of Babel.

Suffer me, my dear friend and brother, to add, that the slightest departure from these ancient landmarks of the mystic order, must of necessity in the very nature of cause and effect, be productive of darkness instead of light, of confusion in the room of harmony, and tend to the final overthrow of the moral and masonic, the spiritual and heavenly edifice, uprooting the columns, from their base, destroying the capitals of the pilasters, and overwhelming the grand pillars themselves, in awful and remediless ruin.

Breathe, therefore, on the fellowcraft's attentive ear, those instructive sounds, that flow from a knowledge of the moral uses of the various implements, which are appropriate to this degree; And may the light of the plumb, the square, and the level, admonish the brethren who compose your column, to walk upright on the straight line, which admits of no curve before God; and abhors the spiral twist that marks the serpentine path in the presence of man; evermore labouring to square both word and deed, in all the varied concerns of man, with fellow man, by the golden square and the perfect rule of the Grand Master himself, who hath said, all things whatsoever ye would, that men should do unto you, do ye even the same unto them; meting that measure to every member of the human family, whether high or low, rich or poor, which self love desires to receive from the fulness of the sons of Adam; and constantly keeping in remembrance, that we are travelling together on the level of time, to the realms of eternity, where words and actions shall be weighed, in the even balance of eternal rectitude; and the mene tekel of an omniscient and impartial judge must be inscribed, on hypocrisy towards God, and injustice towards men.

WORSHIPFUL SIR AND BROTHER,

The second great light in the temple is yours. It is the light of friendship, morality and brotherly love. The attentive ear of the fellowcraft ever listens to your instructive tongue. The faithful bosom pants to attain the secrets of wisdom, of knowl-

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edge and understanding; and may it indeed be your honour and happiness; your pleasure and pride, to set continually before the brethren, who surround the doric pedestal, the corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment, and the oil of joy, in those moral and masonic lessons, which are as the balm of health, the blessing of plenty and the balsam of peace to a mason's soul, and infinitely more valuable, to rational and intelligent craftsmen, than the ancient wages of the one royal penny, though paid in the silver of Tarshish or the gold of Ophir.

Stedfastly pursue this mode of fraternal instruction; and the light of the west shall divide meridian glories, with the light of the east; while the dark places of the north beam noon tide splendours of unclouded day; and the morning star of the south reflect the sevenfold radiance of the solar orb; and when the Supreme, Sublime, Grand Architect, in nature, providence, and grace, shall drop the level from his throne; and whelm life's mouldering pillar in the dust of death, may the outside sentinel at the first door of the middle chamber permit a brother to pass; and the illustrious scribe of the heavenly host receive a master's high command, from within the holiest of holies; and record your faithful name as with the engravings of a signet, in the volume of eternal life, forever, amen!

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#### NATIONAL GRAND LODGE.

We have long been of opinion that some step ought to be taken to produce a uniformity of work, and a union of feeling among the Masonic Lodges throughout the United States. The fact cannot be denied, and need not be concealed, that a difference, in details, at least, if not in essentials, is often to be found in the workings of different Lodges. It is time that a greater degree of uniformity was introduced: it is time that less jealousy existed in different parts of the country respecting the forms adopted in their respective Lodges. We are all brethren of the same fraternity: if errors have in any instance crept in among us, we ought to be willing to listen to those who are able and willing to expose them to us, and teach us how to correct them. We ought to be anxious to adopt a uniform, correct, and systematic mode of work, and not be so blindly devoted to our

own habits as to mistake the errors and defects which have prevailed among us for ancient and essential landmarks of the order. We know no measure so well calculated to promote the important object to which we have alluded and to cement the fraternity throughout this extensive republic, as the establishment of a common head, to which all might appeal and acknowledge a common responsibility. The practicability and usefulness of such an institution has been proved by the successful establishment and favourable tendency of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter, whose jurisdiction is co extensive with the union. We are aware that efforts have been made to establish a General Grand Lodge, and that various obstacles and impediments have hitherto rendered those efforts ineffectual. But we would not be thus easily discouraged. "Time, patience, and perseverance may accomplish all things." A national Grand Lodge may and ought to be established, and whatever opposition may now be made to it, we are confident that when once it should be placed in successful operation, its utility and propriety would be universally admitted.

It is hardly necessary at present to enter into the details of the plan we would recommend. The construction of the General Grand Chapter might serve as a model. The four principal officers of the Grand Lodge of each state or their proxies should constitute the members of the General Grand Lodge, and its meetings might be held in Washington city, or some other central and convenient place, as often as might be deemed expedient.

We throw out these hints for the deliberate consideration of our brethren throughout the union, and we hope that every prejudice, local jealousy, and illiberal feeling, if any such can have a place in the breasts of masons, will be dissipated and no longer furnish impediments to the adoption of a measure fraught, as we believe with the most fortunate results, and calculated, more, perhaps than any other, to promote the permanent prosperity of the craft in these United States.

IMPORTANCE OF LECTURES AT THE CONFERRING  
OF DEGREES.

The following communication from a highly respectable correspondent in the southern part of this state, exhibits, in a most forcible manner, the importance of a correct and systematic mode of conferring the degrees of Masonry, and the propriety of delivering in every instance, a full and entire lecture.

DEAR SIR,

I have received and read with much pleasure the several numbers of your interesting Miscellany, for, although but a young mason, and as yet but slightly skilled in the mysteries of the order. I am full of zeal and anxious for information. I have received, in a lodge as respectable and intelligent as any in this vicinity, the three first degrees of masonry. I have found the brethren ready and willing to converse with me on masonic subjects, and I have learnt the lectures, so far as I have been able to hear them, with accuracy. I find, however, that I must look to other resources for information, and I intend shortly to visit Lexington in the hope that among the Masonic luminaries of your place, I may be enabled to acquire more light than in this gloomy region can be found. The brethren here tell me, and brethren who ought to know, that they have the lectures entire, and that nothing more is to be obtained. I am convinced, however that they must be in an error, for I find in the "Book of Constitutions" published by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, that the lecture on the first degree consists of three sections, and I have received but one; I find that the lecture on the second degree describes Masonry under two characters operative and speculative, and introduces to us an account of the orders of architecture, the liberal arts and sciences, and many other subjects, which appear to have no more connections with the Fellow Craft's degree, as I have received it, than with that of the Entered Apprentice or Master Mason. Indeed I am convinced, by an attentive study of the Book of Constitutions, that there is much to be learned on the several degrees, which no one here is able to teach me, and I shall not rest easy till I have some knowledge more satisfactory than I have yet obtained. The principles of Masonry are certainly admirable: the illustrations given in

masonic books are calculated to shed much light on the mystic rites and ceremonies of the order, but still something more is wanting, and tradition alone, in the minds of industrious and well informed masons, can supply the vacuum. When I received the several degrees, I was instructed in the jewels and working tools, and listened to the charge, but I received no lecture, although I was taught to expect one, and the Secretary stated on the records, very erroneously I think, that an appropriate lecture was delivered. I am induced to think, from what I have read in your Miscellany, that this is the old and defective mode of work, pursued heretofore throughout the western country, but that a better and more intelligent course has been adopted in your vicinity.

P. D.

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#### AN ADDRESS TO FREEMASONS IN GENERAL.

STRETCH forth your hands to assist a brother whenever it is in your power; to be always ready to go any where to serve him; to offer your warmest petitions for his welfare; to open your breasts and hearts to him; to assist him with your best counsel and advice; to soothe the anguish of his soul, and betray no confidence he reposes in you; to support him with your authority; to use your utmost endeavours to prevent him from falling; to relieve his wants as far as you are able, without injuring yourselves or your families. In short, mutually to support and assist each other, and earnestly to promote one another's interests, are duties which (well you know) are incumbent upon you. But do these duties always influence you? Are they not too often forgotten? Your worthy brother too frequently neglected, and the stranger preferred to those of your own household? Ye are connected by solemn promises: let those always be so remembered as to direct your actions: for then, and then only, will you preserve your consciences void of offence, and prepare that firm cement of utility and affection, which time will have no power to destroy.

## LADIES LITTERARY MAGAZINE.

For the Ladies Literary Magazine.

### HISTORY OF A MODERN ATTORNEY, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Never despair—at him again Jeremy."

"*Fata viam invescient.*"

A smattering of Latin, which I had acquired when very young, would enable me to eke out the meaning of many of the short latin sentences in Blackstone. I had read much history, though diffusively, and had gleaned from Magazines and Reviews, the essence of most modern works. A Lawyer should be a politician too; well, I had regularly read the newspapers, and had taught politics myself through the same medium, even before I was well able to wield a *yardstick* gracefully, and above all, I thought I knew *the world*. In respect to these things my history differs a little from the generality of modern attorneys; the major part of them having never troubled themselves about latin, magazines, newspapers, or even history.

I before stated that I did not deliberate very profoundly on the measure I was about to adopt. The thinking calculating part of the world, the wise ones, will say, I was a fool for that; but I beg their pardons; I acted as the rest of the world would have acted. The reader will have perceived that I was not exactly in that situation which authorised me to make a choice of a profession or pursuit; I was a *little tramelled*. Besides, one who has just been wrecked in a sea of misfortunes, and finds himself cast upon a desolate island, without shelter, or food, can't think and reason very calmly. On the law, however, I fixed my future hopes; nay, there was wisdom in the choice, for I knew already, something about the matter. I had, *experimentally in propria persona*, gone through the whole routine of an action of DEBT, from the issuing of a *Capias*, down to the ceremonies attendant on a *Ca. Sa.* when one wishes to relieve oneself from the inconveniences incident to confinement. Students generally, learn the theory first; but my course is best. Experimental knowledge is the most desirable, because it is the most impressive, The theorist

may forget his theories but he who learns from actual *experimental observation* is most apt to husband his information, (*mem.* most *modern attorneys* have adopted my mode of beginning.)

Well, I called on a gentleman of the bar, eminent for his attainments and for his candour, and told him my plans. He flattered my talents, encouraged my hopes, and dispelled all doubts as to the propriety of my views. He chalked out for me a course of legal study; there were, I confess, some *near cuts* in the track. He flattered me with the hope that in twelve months, I might procure a licence. I am well aware that his goodness of heart measured my legal journey by my means of sustaining its expence, for he knew that I was too poor to follow the various meanders of the stream of the law. He knew that a short race was the only one I had *bottom* to run. He placed Blackstone in my hands, and told me to smack my whip and, rush! I did so, and in four weeks made a finish of these commentaries; I ought to have dwelt on them six months; but no matter. I pursued the modern practice. When I had thus finished Blackstone, I thought myself an excellent lawyer!!

"A little learning is a dangerous thing"

At the end of six months I found I knew nothing of the law, was then scarcely at the threshold; I had hardly arrived where I might look in at the door of the magazine of the law. I did look in, and there saw such a map of wisdom and erudition, that I was appalled. "I can never be a lawyer" said I "I have neither time nor money to enable me to run through the countless pages of the law." I threw down my books in despair, and fled to my Mentor for advice. I told him I had just *read* enough to dishearten me. "My friend" said he "there is an INDEX to that map of law which has so frightened you!" I did not comprehend the remark consequently it gave me no comfort. He continued, "the Magazine which you have seen is the *Body* of the law, the Index is its *spirit*." I now began to comprehend. "Do you" said he "as nine tenths of the fraternity do, study the *Index* of a book, and throw the *body* of it to the dogs." I was enlightened! I was initiated into one of the mysteries of the brotherhood. I laid my hand on a book, "what is this" said I, Chitty on

Bills, the body contains 600 pages, the index 15 pages. This was almost *corpus sine pectore*, but no matter, in six months more, I exclaimed, I will still be a lawyer, for in that time I can read the indexes to all the books in the famous Alexandrian Library.

In olden times, the torch of mind was the flame that lighted us to glory, but an *Index* is the modern attorneys torch.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*From the London New Monthly Magazine.*  
ON FEMALE COWARDICE.

—“Oh, quanto  
Beata e’ la fortissima Donzella !” Tasso.

HEROINES are generally no great favourites with the *sexes* whose deeds they emulate; men are not fond of female competitors either in bodily or mental strength, and she who reads Latin or leaps a five barred gate is warned off by lordly man as an unlicensed and unqualified poacher upon his manors. Wo to the Amazon and the blue stocking! each is too likely to incur the same dreadful denunciation which Cardinal Mazarin launched against Mademoiselle de Montpensier when she mounted the ramparts of the Bastille; of each it may most probably be said: “*elle a tue son mari.*” For my own part, I differ on these subjects from the generality of mankind: if ever I marry, it shall be a woman who can break a horse or has been up in a balloon; and all my daughters shall hunt and learn mathematics in order to strengthen their nerves. Feminine tremors and palpitations may sound interesting enough to the uninitiated, but alas! they convey no pleasing ideas to him who has a mother, four sisters, three aunts, and six cousins, all the most preposterous and clamorous cowards in existence. God bless them all! I love them sincerely, perceive and appreciate their numerous good qualities, would do any thing on earth to serve and oblige them; but I wish they would not ask me to walk with them about London. Country rambles are bad enough, we are sure to meet mad bulls disguised like milch-cows, or russians in carters’ frocks, to hear a hornet’s hum in every breeze, and see adders coiled in every hedge; but London expeditions are a thousand times worse. Unfortunately, my mother and aunts are so complimentary as to

prefer my arm to any other support; and, when lovers and danglers are not at command, the younger ladies frequently request my escort. I find myself unequal to refusal or demur; but, after one of these bewildering excursions, I return home very kindly disposed towards the heroines of history and romance, and often indulge myself in fond imagination as to the quiet comfortable walks I should have with a Marfisa on one arm, and a Britomart on the other. No starting and screaming, no dashing half distracted into a shop at the glimpse of a distant ox, no scampering full speed over a crossing because a hackney-coach is at thirty yards distance. I feel assured that the Senora Padilla would have made no objection to walking past the two cavaliers at the horse guards, nor would Aldrude, Countess of Bertinora, have crossed the road to avoid a Newfoundland dog. Perhaps to some persons there may be nothing very alluring in the idea of a lady, who, like Camilla, "*medias inter cædes exultat,*" or like the tiger nursed Clorinda:—

"Chi veste Parmi, e se d'uscirne agogna,

Vassene, e non la tien temo o vergogna"—

but I confess I should very much prefer them to Erminia, "timida e smarrita," of whom I have, unfortunately, too many specimens in my own family.

Why should not English ladies be embodied into regiments like the King of Dahomey's three thousand wives, taught to stand fire, and cured of all nervous affections for life by the sight of a field of battle? But, if this were objected to, surely female seminaries might be established for the express purpose of teaching courage, where the pupils should be arranged in classes, and urged to emulation by example and reward. No uncommon bravery, no masculine hardihood should be required, but all should be taught to walk quietly by a led horse, to see a mouse run across a room without screaming and not to be afraid of cock chaffers, or father long legs: and prizes should be given to those who could touch an *unloaded* gun without trembling, and see a spider on their gown without fainting away. They might be carefully instructed in many other useful particulars, and their writing copies might run as follows, "Do not suppose that all dogs are mad in the summer," or "Shrieking does not dimin-

'sh danger," or "Avoid rousing your family when the wind moves your shutters" In two or three years great progress might be made in bravery, and there would be time enough afterwards for the acquirement of less useful accomplishments. Oh, that such a system were adopted! Then, and only then, might we hope to find an Englishwoman capable of imitating the French lady celebrated by M. de la Lande, who scrambled up the inclined ladder at the top of St. Peter's, mounted the ball, and leaned upon the cross "*avec une souplesse et une grace inconcevable*" I confess myself a little sceptical as to the extraordinary *grace* of such an action; but I should admire it as the symptom of a stout heart, as a tacit renunciation of the nervous terrors, "thrilling shrieks and shrieking cries," for which the generality of the sex are distinguished,—as an earnest of peaceful walks, days without hypothetical horrors, and nights undisturbed by imaginary housebreakers.

Any one would suppose that my mother had detected me in a plot for her destruction, and that whenever I walked out with her she expected me to take the first favorable opportunity of getting her run over. She believes none of my assurances, listens to none of my arguments, and looks seriously provoked if I venture to tell her that she is in no danger. I must be blind if I do not perceive that every gig horse is "skittish," and I am accused of obstinacy if I refuse to bear testimony to her numerous "hair breadth escapes." Then there are such long refuges in shops while a line of drays is passing, such wearying pauses such turning of the head from side to side, such wild, calculating glances up and down the street, so many faint attempts and precipitate returns ere the desperate resolution is taken to dash over a crossing. I am foolish enough to feel half ashamed of myself when I see the suppressed sneer or broad grin of the passengers, while my runaway companion stops to regain her breath and collect her scattered spirits; and I should often persuade her to hide her disorder in a hackney coach, were it not that my eldest sister, who is very frequently on my other arm, is so dreadfully frightened in a carriage that it would be only an exchange of terrors. Poor Charlotte! she has made up her mind to a broken neck, and reads every accident of the kind recorded in the pa-

pers, as if it were the counterpart of her own approaching fate. I was so little with my sisters during my boyhood, owing to our holydays seldom occurring at the same time, that I had left Westminster, and been three years at Oxford, before I became acquainted with Charlotte's peculiar fears. The discovery was most unfortunately timed. During the first vacation after I took my degree, I resolved to reward myself for past study and application by a tour through part of North Wales, and I asked my two eldest sisters to be my companions. We had travelled but little, and were just at the age to enjoy such an excursion: we were to see every sight in our way, climb every mountain, watch the sunrise from the top of Snowdon, fill our drawing books with sketches; in short, we were to be quite happy, and we talked over our plans with great delight. Alas! in anticipation only were they delightful, for I never had a more miserable journey in my life. We set out in high glee, the weather was beautiful, our health was good, but before two days were over, I envied every one I had left behind me. Charlotte's fears showed themselves in a very short time: at the least jolt she turned pale; if a wagon passed, she expected it to take off one of our wheels; at every corner she put down all the glasses; when we were going up a hill, she assured us we were jibbing; when we went down, she clasped her hands, closed her eyes, and seemed screwing up her courage to the necessity of being dashed to pieces. Then she was always giving directions to the post boy: now he drove too fast, now she was certain the traces were broken; sometimes a wheel was about to take fire, sometimes a horse was on the point of dropping down dead. Towards evening my sister Anna's terrors commenced: after six o'clock every man who came in sight was a footpad or highwayman; her purse was always in her hand ready to deliver on demand; with tears in her eyes she urged me to make no resistance; and once she positively fainted away because a gentleman, with a groom behind him, politely rode up to the carriage window to inform us we had dropped a parcel. As we approached the more mountainous country, our miseries increased: we were now scarcely ever in the carriage; Charlotte insisted upon walking whenever we came to a steep or rough road, and as this frequently occurred, we suffered the

fatigue of pedestrian tourists, were completely tired and spiritless when we arrived at our inn, unequal to an evening ramble, and glad to go to bed by daylight. I could not even have the satisfaction of scolding, for it would have been cruel to reproach one who was always reproaching herself, and whose eyes were constantly overflowing with tears of terror or of penitence. Most desirous not to abridge our pleasure, she always fancied herself equal to every undertaking; always assured us overnight that she was ashamed of her previous fears, and determined to be more courageous on the morrow. Thus encouraged, we set out on poneys or on foot to visit some romantic scenery; but half way up a mountain Charlotte's spirit fails her, the danger is too great to be encountered—it is madness, suicide to proceed. She will stay where she is till our return, the servant shall remain with her, it will distress her extremely if we do not go on. Accordingly all is settled; but Anna and myself are speedily recalled by violent and repeated screams—Charlotte is now certain that we must be dashed to pieces, and she never could forgive herself if she permitted us to encounter destruction so inevitable. With clasped hands and streaming cheeks she implores us to give up our design: fear is infectious, Anna thinks of mountain banditti, and joins in the request: I am at length overcome: and all the evening is spent in vain regrets for the follies of the morning. Disappointed and annoyed, condemned either to lonely excursions or to walks curtailed by my sisters' terrors, I shortened my tour; and, after much fatigue and considerable expense, returned to London without having seen one half the beauties I had so long and so often wished to behold. Charlotte, the contrite Charlotte, incessantly blames herself for her conduct, blushes if we talk of mountains, and weeps at the very name of Wales; and by common consent, the tour which was to furnish us with conversation for life, is an interdicted subject in the family.

My two young sisters' terrors have chosen different objects, they are infected with entomological horrors. On fine warm days in summer, ten minutes seldom pass without their starting up in consternation, flying to different corners of the room, elevating their handkerchiefs in defence, and shrinking their persons

into the smallest possible compass, in order to avoid a wasp or *bumble bee*. This is the first summer I have been able to persevere in reading aloud to my family, for, thanks to the cold weather in May and June, very few of these enemies of industry and literature remained to eat apricots and terrify young ladies. Their well known hum is the signal for panic and confusion: down go work and books, and pens and pencils; Jane and Mary scream and take to flight; their sisters seize the first implement of destruction that is at hand, and nothing more can be done or thought of, till the luckless intruder has paid the penalty of his life; then needles and Indiarubber are to be found, and, before employment is quietly resumed, another tocsin sounds, another skirmish and another death. Then there is no persuading these two silly girls to join our evening walks in the country. At that refreshing season of cool airs and sweet smells, when only a pale streak of light tells where the sun last showed his glorious face, when the constellations are gradually spangling their various figures on the misty blue of the sky, and the soft influence of evening has sweetened those sounds which fell harshly on the ear by day, when a dog's distant howl is agreeable, and the grating of a wagon's wheels is listened to with pleasure—at this time, when it is so delightful to saunter, not to walk, and to chat in subdued tones with those we love; when my spirits, my feelings, and my affections, always seem in their best state—at this time out come my unfortunate sisters' deadly foes, the frog, the bat, and the cock chaffer, little suspecting their power of imprisoning two fair damsels, from whose distant tread they would fly in consternation. Anna, too, is equally prevented from taking an evening ramble; for after sunset the woods and groves are peopled by banditti: and if I coax her out, while I am gazing on the bolls of the trees, silvered by the rising moon, or pausing to catch the notes of a nightingale, her jaundiced eye sees a ruffian crouching behind a shrub, or her startled ear detects the distant signal whistle of a gang of robbers; then she catches me by the arm, bids me ask no questions, hurries me to the house, bars the door behind her, and entreats me to load my pistols, and fire my blunderbuss out of every window.

Though my sisters make themselves and all about them un-

comfortable, and prevent sensible men from wishing to become their companions for life, yet, as they are young and handsome, they meet with much ready assistance and apparent commisera-  
tion from their male acquaintance, and have always some doughty champion at hand to protect them from runaway insects and im-  
aginary ruffians, and to admire the changing hue of their com-  
plexions, and the pretty agitation of their elegant persons; and,  
unless they should be disfigured by illness or accident, I dare  
say, that while under thirty, they may scream at frisky calves,  
and faint at spiders and frogs, as often as they please, without a-  
ny fear of exemplifying the fable of the boy and the wolf. But  
my cousin Emma H. has no such claims upon any one's compas-  
sion, for alas! she is not handsome enough to be hysterical; her  
eyes are not sufficiently bright to atone for tears of vain alarm,  
nor will the beauty of her mouth excuse her screaming at cat-  
erpillars and black beetles. Gentlemen observe her distress,  
sneer, and pass on; swords do not leap from their scabbards to  
punish the intrusion of a dog, or the purrings of a distant kitten;  
when she rouses the family from their beds from some causeless  
terror, the trouble she gives is not counterbalanced by seeing  
her in her night-cap; and when she shuts herself in the cellar  
during a thunder storm, no gallant swain begs to accompany her  
to her retirement. Poor girl! her life is one long panic, she has  
contrived to unite in herself all possible fears and apprehen-  
sions; she is scolded by the rigid, lectured by the wise, called  
silly by some, affected by others—her family grieve for her, her  
acquaintance laugh at her; but still her terrors continue too stub-  
born for conquest or controul. On one occasion, however, she  
added an instance to the myriads which already existed, of the  
strength of woman's affection—of the mighty power of that love  
which will teach her to make every thing possible in the  
service of its object. Emma is strongly attached to her  
mother, to whom she was the most tender and indefatigable  
of nurses in an illness which endangered her life.  
Quiet was strictly recommended, and Emma seemed suddenly  
gilded with a fairy's power of treading and moving inaudibly.  
She performed every office required in a sick room with magical  
gentleness and celerity; and when every other duty was done,

took her station by her mother's pillow. One morning, while the invalid's hand was yet pressed by her daughter's fingers, she gradually fell into a gentle slumber; and Emma, who knew how essential rest was to her mother's recovery, hailed this favourable symptom with inexpressible delight. Notwithstanding the cramp and numbness which ensued, Emma inviolably retained her position, scarcely permitting herself to breathe and withdrew her eyes from her mother's face from a sort of indefinable dread, lest their anxious glance, should disturb her slumbers. In this situation a slight noise was heard, and Emma's fearful ears detected the approach of a mouse. There is no creature of which she has a greater horror; I have seen her countenance change when she heard its distant scratching, and she has nearly fainted away at the sight of one in a trap. On the present occasion, however, "love mastered fear;" she sat perfectly still, and only dreaded lest the tumultuous beating of her heart should communicate itself to the hand which held that of her mother in its gentle pressure. Presently, the curtains at the foot of the bed are seen to move, and in a few moments the little creature makes its appearance, fixes its sharp eyes on Emma's pale face, pauses for half a minute, gathers courage from her marble like aspect, and begins to nibble some crumbs which remained on the coverlet. I am certain that what Emma suffered far exceeded mere bodily pain, it was the very *agony* of fear—fear, the intensioness of which was not diminished by its folly. The worst, however, was to come. The animal, undisturbed by any noise or movement, continued to approach still nearer; and, at length, as if commission'd to put Emma's affection and self command to the fullest trial, it positively touched her hand. She felt a sort of icy pulse pervade every limb, her very heart appeared to tremble; but she retained her position, and declares she felt no apprehension of being made to start or scream, for she had a thorough confidence in the efficacy of that feeling, which, in the breast of woman, is often stronger than the love of life. Though all within her shook from agitation, all continued statue like without; and it was not till the mouse was approaching her mother's arm, that Emma gently moved her disengaged hand, and scared the little monster to its hiding place. Her mother's sleep con-

tinued, she awoke refreshed, and when Emma left the room, little supposed that it was to give relief, by tears and violent agitation, to suppressed terror and concealed suffering. I ought to add, that her mother recovered; and that, however ludicrous some of Emma's terrors may be, her fear of a mouse is now too sacred a subject for ridicule.

Mademoiselle de la Rochejaquin relates a beautiful instance of sudden courage springing out of alarmed affection. She was so great a coward on horseback, that even when a servant held the bridle, and a gentleman walked on each side, she would weep from apprehension. Yet, when she heard that her husband was wounded, all former fears yielded to her anxiety for him: "Je ne voulus pas rester un moment de plus. Je pris un mauvais petit cheval qui se trouvait par hasard dans la cour; je ne laissai pas le temps d'arranger les etriers qui etrent inégaux; et je partis au grand galop; en trois quarts d'heure je fis trois grandes lieues de mauvais chemins."

It is thus that woman redeems her follies—thus that she ennobles cowardice, and sanctifies defects. I intreat pardon for every thing I have said against her—I blush, I apologize. I retract. I sat down in ill humour, for the fears of my family had just compelled me to reject a ticket for the Coronation; but I have written myself into a tolerable temper, and am better able to appreciate the affectionate anxiety of which I was the victim. I must pay some price for a thousand daily kindnesses and hourly attentions, a wakefulness to real danger, which is my safeguard in sickness, a devotedness of love which despises trouble and annihilates difficulty. If female fears annoy me abroad female affection blesses me at home; if my mother and sisters are determined on dying a violent death, yet they would risk infection and danger to preserve my life. Women ought not to be more perfect than they are. In virtue and warmth of heart they excel us already; add strength of mind, and a calm courage, equally removed from ungraceful boldness and unreasonable fear, and we must seek our spouses in some other planet.

W. E.

## AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

"*The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground,*" written by Mr. COOPER, a young gentleman of New York, has justly excited the admiration of the public. We make the following extract as a specimen of the author's style, intending to furnish hereafter a more detailed account of the work. The writer represents Harvey Birch, a pedlar, as returning home after a short absence, where he finds his father in the agonies of death.

"Is he alive?" asked Birch tremulously, and seemingly afraid to receive an answer to his own question.

"Surely," said the maiden, rising hastily, and officiously offering her chair to the pedlar, "he must live till day or the tide is down."

Disregarding all but her assurance, the pedlar stole gently to the room of his dying parent. The tie which bound this father and son together was one of no ordinary kind. In the wide world they were all to each other. Had Katy but have read a few lines farther in the record, she would have seen the sad tale of their misfortunes. At one blow competence and kindred had been swept from before them, and from that day to the present hour, persecution and distress had followed their wandering step. Approaching the bed side, Harvey leaned his body forward, and said, in a voice nearly choked by his feelings—

"Father, do you know me?"

The parent slowly opened his eyes, and a smile of satisfaction passed over his pallid features, leaving behind it the impression of death in still greater force from the contrast. The pedlar gave a restorative he had brought with him to the parched lips of the sick man, and for a few minutes new vigour seemed to be imparted to his frame. He spoke, but slowly and with difficulty. Curiosity kept Katy silent; awe had the same effect on Cæsar; and Harvey seemed hardly to breathe, as he listened to the language of the departing spirit.

"My son," said the father in a hollow voice, "God is as merciful as he is just—if I threw the cup of salvation from my lips when a youth, he graciously offers it to me in mine age. He chastiseth to purify, and I go to join the spirits of our lost family. In a little while, my child, you will be alone. I know you too well not to foresee you will be a lone pilgrim through life. The bruised reed may endure, but it will never rise. You have that

Y v

within you, Harvey, that will guide you aright; persevere as you have begun, for the duties of life are never to be neglected—and”—A noise in the adjoining room interrupted the dying man, and the impatient pedlar hastened to learn the cause, followed by Katy and the black. The first glance of his eye on the figure in the door way told the trader but too well both his errand, and the fate that probably awaited himself. The intruder was a man still young in years, but his lineaments bespoke a mind long agitated by evil passions. His dress was of the meanest materials, and so ragged and unseemly, as to give him the appearance of studied poverty. His hair was prematurely whitened, and his sunken, lowering eye avoided the bold, forward look of innocence. There was a restlessness in his movements, and agitation in his manner, that proceeded from the workings of the foul spirit within him, and which was not less offensive to others than distressing to himself. This man was a well known leader of one of those gangs of marauders who infested the country with a semblance of patriotism, and were guilty of every grade of offence, from simple theft up to murder. Behind him stood several other figures clad in a similar manner, but whose countenances expressed nothing more than the callous indifference of brutal insensibility. They were all well armed with muskets and bayonets, and provided with the usual implements of foot soldiers. Harvey knew resistance to be vain, and quietly submitted to their directions. In the twinkling of an eye both he and Cæsar were stripped of their decent garments, and made to exchange clothes with two of the filthiest of the band. They were then placed in separate corners of the room, and under the muzzles of the muskets, required faithfully to answer such interrogatories as were put to them.

“Where is your pack?” was the first question to the pedlar.

“Hear me,” said Birch, trembling with agitation; “in the next room is my father now in the agonies of death; let me go to him, receive his blessing, and close his eyes, and you shall have all—aye all.”

“Answer me as I put the questions, or this musket shall send you to keep the old driveller company—where is your pack?”

“I will tell you nothing unless you let me go to my father,” said the pedlar resolutely.

His persecutor raised his arm with a malicious sneer, and was about to execute his threat, when one of his companions checked him, and cried—

"What would you do? you surely forget the reward. Tell us where are your goods, and you shall go to your father."

Birch complied instantly, and a man was despatched in quest of the booty: he soon returned, throwing the bundle on the floor, swearing it was light as feathers.

"Ay," cried the leader, "there must be gold somewhere for what it did contain; give us your gold, Mr. Birch; we know you have it; you will not take continental, not you."

"You break your faith," said Harvey sullenly.

"Give us your gold," exclaimed the other furiously, pricking the pedlar with his bayonet until the blood followed his pushes in streams. At this instant a slight movement was heard in the adjoining room, and Harvey cried imploringly—

"Let me—let me go to my father, and you shall have all."

"I swear you shall go then," said the skinner.

"Here take the trash," cried Birch, as he threw aside the purse, which he had contrived to conceal, notwithstanding the change in his garments.

The robber raised it from the floor with a hellish laugh, as he said coolly—

"Ay, but it shall be to your father in heaven."

"Monster!" exclaimed Birch, "have you no feeling, no faith, no honesty?"

"Why to hear him, one would think there was not a rope around his neck already," said the other malignantly. "There is no necessity of your being uneasy, Mr. Birch; if the old man gets a few hours the start of you in the journey, you will be sure to follow him before noon to morrow."

This unfeeling communication had no effect on the pedlar, who listened with gasping breath to every sound from the room of his parent until he heard his own name spoken in the hollow, sepulchral tones of death. Birch could endure no more, but shrieking out

"Father, hush, father, I come—I come:" he darted by his keeper, and was the next moment pinned to the wall by the bayonet of another; fortunately his quick motion had caused him to

escape a thrust aimed at his life, and it was by his clothes only that he was confined.

"No, Mr. Birch," said the skinner, "we know you too well for a slippery rascal to trust you out of sight—your gold—your gold."

"You have it," said the pedlar, writhing with the agony of his situation.

"Ay, we have the purse; but you have more purses. King George is a prompt paymaster, and you have done him many a piece of good service. Where is your hoard? without it you will never see your father."

"Remove the stone underneath the woman," cried the pedlar eagerly—"remove the stone."

"He raves—he raves," said Katy, instinctively moving her position to another stone than the one on which she had been standing; in a moment it was torn from its bed, and nothing but earth was seen under it.

"He raves; you have driven him from his right mind," continued the trembling spinster; "would any man in his senses think of keeping gold under a hearth stone?"

"Peace, babbling fool," cried Harvey—"lift the corner stone, and you will find what will make you rich, and me a beggar."

"And then you will be despisable," said the housekeeper bitterly. "A pedlar without goods and without money—is sure to be despisable."

"There will be enough left to pay for his halter," cried the skinner, as he opened upon a store of English guineas. These were quickly transferred to a bag, notwithstanding the declaration of the spinster, that her dues were unsatisfied, and that of right, ten of the guineas should be her property.

Delighted with a prize that greatly exceeded their expectations, the band prepared to depart, intending to take the pedlar with them in order to give him up to some of the American troops above, and claim the reward offered for his apprehension. Every thing was ready, and they were about to lift Birch in their arms, as he refused to move an inch; when a figure entered the room that appalled the group—around his body was thrown the sheet of the bed from which he had risen, and his fixed eye and haggard face gave him the appearance of a being from another world. Even Katy and Cæsar thought it was the spirit of the

elder Birch, and they both fled the house, followed by the alarmed skinners.

The excitement which had given the sick man strength soon vanished, and the pedlar, lifting him in his arms, re-conveyed him to his bed. The re-action of the system which followed, hastened to close the scene.

The glazed eye of the father was fixed upon the son; his lips moved, but his voice was unheard. Harvey bent down, and with his parting breath, received the dying benediction of his parent. A life of privation, of care, and of wrongs, embittered most of the future hours of the pedlar. But under no sufferings—in no misfortune—the subject of poverty and biting obloquy—the remembrance of that blessing never left him. It constantly gleamed over the images of the past, shedding a holy radiance around his saddest hours of despondency. It cheered the prospect of the future with the prayers of a pious spirit for his well being; and it brought assurance to his soul of having discharged faithfully and truly the sacred offices of filial love.

#### A DUMB WITNESS.

Allesandro d'Medecis, the first *Doge* of Florence, was called on once to decide in a case where there was no evidence. The case was this, A very wealthy citizen of Bergamo lent to a Florentine 400 crowns, when no one was present. When the money became due, the lender demanded payment, and the borrower denied having borrowed any. In this state the case came before Allesandro. The one asserted the fact and the other positively denied it. Did you, said Allesandro, lend money when no one was present? I did indeed, sir, and counted it out on an old post. Go, bring the post, said the Judge, and I will make it confess the truth. The creditor hastened to obey, although astonished at the order. In the mean time the *Doge* was engaged in other business, till finally he turned to the debtor and said, that fellow is very slow with his post. It is so heavy that I doubt whether he has had time to bring it, said the borrower. In a short time again Allesandro exclaimed, what kind of people are they who lend their money without witnesses, was there no one near when he lent the money, but the post? No, replied the knave. Then the post is a good witness, said Allesandro, and you shall pay back the money.

*Roscoe's life de Medicis.*

*LINES*

## WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH.

O'er thy banks now so still and forlorn,  
 The dark Shawanoe used to rove,  
 And his trail might be found every morn,  
 In the cane-brake, and cotton tree grove;  
 His war-song he often has sung,  
 By the shade of yon wide spreading tree,  
 While the far distant echoes have rung,  
 To the voice of the bold Shawanoe.

Where'er in the short winding dell,  
 Or the prairie, in ambush he lay,  
 The huge elk and buffaloe fell,  
 And the nimble wild deer was his prey.  
 But in war was the chieftain's delight;—  
 No warrior more valiant than he,  
 There was none in the bloodiest fight,  
 More fierce than the bold Shawanoe.

The Shawanoe warrior has gone,  
 The light of his valour has fled,  
 And his cruel oppressors alone,  
 Can show where he battled and bled;—  
 The fate of the chief is fulfilled,  
 His foes from his vengeance are free,  
 But the heart of the white man is chilled,  
 When he thinks of the bold Shawanoe.      ORLANDO.

*Shawanoe Town, Illinois.*

## DREAMS.

*From the Illinois Gazette.*

Could we dream but of bliss, 'twere delight to sleep,  
 Till we finished our brief mortal pilgrimage here;  
 But alas! we too often are called on to weep,  
 O'er the brightest delusions that mark our career;  
 For what are the hopes of our youth but light dreams,  
 That brighten the slumber of reason's first dawn?

And how do they fly, when the tremulous beams  
Of friendship and love from the fancy are gone!

Man's life is a day by dark clouds overcast—  
And he only is happy who sinks to repose,  
With a heart undefiled by the scenes that are past;  
And a conscience that dreads not eternity's woes:  
If such be the night—who shall sigh for the day—  
Or seek to arrest its rude blasts as they fly?  
When happy beneath the night planet's soft ray,  
Of heaven he dreams and forgets how to sigh.

And such be my fate—let the sun shed his light  
On the millions who toil for REALITY's dross;  
Be mine the soft rapture which beams through the night,  
That man cannot steal, nor adversity cross.  
Then my dark fate forgotten—I fancy a lot,  
From sorrow, and care, and quietude free;  
And see a soft smile, and can think of a cot,  
Which, adorn'd by *that smile*, is a palace to me.

ORLANDO.

#### DISSIPATION.

Not the jaws of Charybdis, nor the hoarse rocks of Scylla,  
Not all the fell dangers that lurk in the deep,  
Not the earthquake's deep yawn, nor the volcano's lava,  
Not pestilence's breath, or the hurricane's sweep;

Not all the dread monsters that live through creation—  
Have caused such destruction, such mis'ry and we,  
As from that arch pest of mankind, DISSIPATION,  
Through the civilized world incessantly flow.

"Tis a vortex insatiate, on whose giddy bosom  
The victim is whirl'd till his senses are gone,  
Till, lost to all shame and the dictates of reason,  
He lends not one effort to ever return.

Ah! view on its surface the ruins of genius,  
 The wreck of the scholar, the christian, and friend!  
 The learning, the wit, the graces that charm'd us,  
 In the mind-drowning bowl meet a premature end.

Ah! hear, drown'd in tears, the disconsolate mother  
 Lament the lost state of a favorite son,  
 Hear the wife and the child, the sister and brother,  
 Mourn a husband, a father, a brother undone.

### MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

At a stated meeting of Kenhawa Lodge, No 104, Virginia, held on the 11th December, 1821, the following brethren were duly elected Officers for the ensuing year.

P. M. Spicer Patrick, <i>W. Master.</i>	Zebulon Griffin, S. D.
James C. M'Farland, S. W.	Emza Wilson, J. D.
William S. Summers J. W.	John P. Turner,
Ephraim S. Eddy, SECY.	Henry S. Creal, } STEWARDS.
James A. Lewis, TREASURER.	George Mitchell, TYLER.

At a late meeting of Mount Vernon Encampment, Worthington, Ohio, the following officers were elected for the present year.

M. E. Sir John Snow, GRAND COMMANDER,
E. Sir Benj. Gardiner, GENERALISSIMO,
E. Sir Wm. Little, CAPTAIN GENERAL,
Rev. Sir Joseph S. Hughs, PRELATE,
Sir Pardon Sprague, SENIOR WARDEN,
Sir Anthony P. Pritchard, JUNIOR WARDEN,
Sir Daniel Upson, TREASURER,
Sir Caleb Howard, RECORDER,
Sir Erastus Webb, SWORD BEARER,
Sir Timothy Baker, STANDARD BEARER,
Sir Chauncey Baker, WARDER,
Sir Joseph Greer, GUARD.